



The Adventures of

Vlad the Bunny

The Bunny with opposable thumbs

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It was a dark and sunny night.

Vlad the bunny was confronting his biggest enemy (and fear): his own thumb. He was intent on a battle with it. His thumb thrashed about in his mouth. As a counter attack, he sucked his thumb as hard as he could. His thumb withdrew. Then he fell fast asleep in the scariest house the bunny world has ever known.

Of course, his house was filled with night lights and pink fluffy pillows and other various cute things.

When he woke up, a smell wafted through his window. He half rolled, half stepped out of bed. He wobbled over to the window.

But when he saw what was outside, he snapped to attention. There was a HUGE PIECE OF FRIED CHICKEN!

There were many bunnies near it, nibbling. It looked DELICIOUS! The bunnies looked frustrated. Vlad figured it was because they couldn't grab the chicken. (Of course, Vlad didn't even know that chicken was meat.)

Vlad leaned out of his window a little bit to get a better view. He fell! He'd never fallen from a height like this. A whopping 7 INCHES! He screamed in pain. The other bunnies ignored him.

After recovering, he hopped over to the swarming bunnies. Shoving the Easter Bunny aside, he grabbed a large piece of the fried awesomeness.

The swarm stopped.

They stared as he took a large bite. His finger dug into the meat as he chewed. Then there was complete silence as he swallowed. Then, chaos.

Vlad's paws (and thumbs) were flying as he picked the 10 foot chicken bones clean in the following 5 seconds.

Then the next thing Vlad knew he was being examined by a doctor in the Fluffville jail.

"Why am I here?" Vlad asked.

The doctor looked up from staring at his giant stomach. She was a very pretty bunny, with her bright blue eyes and white silky fur. For a moment Vlad was sucked into her eyes. "Committing carnivorous acts without a permit," she

said, snapping the timid bunny out of his gaze. "The others feasting had permits."

Vlad turned white with fear. (Although that is impossible because he is white.) He was too terrified to admire her beauty now. "H-h-how long will I be doing time?" he stammered.

"Oh, about for life," she said. She tried to sound casual, but her eyes revealed - what's this? - A LOVE FOR FRIED CHICKEN?! No, it was worry.

"Oh, one more thing." She said while pushing some code into a machine. "I'm checking you for carnivorous DNA. You have something strange in your genes, but I don't think it's meat-eating related. Still, I'll have to check you daily. So you should know my name, which is Dr. Olivia McFriedchickenson, but you can call me Olive." She smiled.

"My name's Vladimir Scardybonbonpants, but you can call me Vlad," he said, smiling.

The next day Vlad started off his day showing his inner chicken.

He mistook about seventeen pink fluffy pillows for screaming monkeys. (Screaming monkeys were his biggest fear besides his thumb.) He also jumped at every chicken falling out of the sky, and falling chickens were quite common in Fluffville.

And finally, he wouldn't eat AWESOME stuff. He wouldn't even eat BACON!

Suddenly, he wanted a cucumber. Sneaking out of his cell, he tip-toed past Olive's office. Then, he turned around. Peeking into the doctor's office, he saw that it was deserted. He dashed over to Olive's refrigerator. But when he opened it, he almost fainted. It was FULL OF CUCUMBERS!

The one thing that kept him standing was the smell of the one cheese coated cucumber in the back. As he reached for it, he woke up.

The whole time he had been sleeping beside a cucumber at the table!